Sent to Syringa.

"Train's late," announced Peter Pol- | your ticket. And don't forget what I

He said it apologetically. But, for the matter of that, he always spoke in an humble manner to Mrs. Pollock-to this Mrs. Pollock. He had been domincering enough with poor, little, gentle, dove-eyed Syringa, who just two years ago had been laid to rest on the rocky slope of a desolate Nebraska prairie. The neighbors said she needed a rest if ever a person did. Even the preacher said something in his sermon about her having earned repose. People wondered how Peter had ever let her take time to die. Peter was a hard man and an unsympathetic husband, man and an unsympathetic missing, but there were those who decided that he appreciated her when she was gone. He had asked the minister several questions as to reunion after death, and when he went down to Kansas City with a car of cattle it became rumored that he had visited a spiritualist in the hone of establishing communication. hope of establishing communication with the little creature he had worked

with the little creature he had worked to death, as he would never dream of working a valuable horse. But when, six months before the particular train he especially desired to catch happened to be late he married Miss Regina Jenks, his fellow farmers grinned and rubbed their beards and sald he had met his match.

"Late!" echoed Mrs. Pollock, in a deep voice. "How late?"

"I-I didn't think to ask, Regina."

"His spouse bestowed a withering look upon him. She at on the high spring seat of the farm wagon, holding the reins over a spruce span of horses. He stood on the platform. She was looking down upon him, so she had the advantage. It is easier to wither with a look when one is higher than the person to be withered. "To cont ask!" who companyed in the "Go and ask," she commanded, in the

same deep tones.

He went as fast as his shambling feet, He went as fast as his shambling feet, accustomed to plodding behind plow and harrow, would carry his spare frame, premanturely bent by labor and penurious self denial. Mrs. Pollock, stiting stiff as a ramrod, glanced contemptuously after him. She was a big boned, rigid, flat-chested woman, with a firm-hewn face of Indian outline. Indeed many said confidently that she came rightfully by her bold hawk noss, straight black hair and stridding walk. Her skirt was brown as a catalox in Her skirt was brown as a catalpa in November, and the town drayman had been heard to remark that her gimlet eyes "would bore a hole in a feller's

back."

Peter came back, followed by the agent, a friendly fellow, with his hat on the back of his head and a quid of

on the back of ms head and a quid of tobacco in his mouth.
"Morning, Mrs. Pollock, Fine day. Train's four hours late. Washout at Red Cloud."
"What time does the Rock Island train leave?"
"In an hour and a half."

"Then we got time to drive over to Narky and catch that, Climb in, Peter climbed in. She tolled the horses skillfully out of the depot en-closure and turned their heads west on a level road, which presently turning south and crossing the railroad track.

south and crossing the railroad track-brought them to the base of the hill which marked the state line and di-vided Nebraska from Kansas. It was a glorious midwinter day—the kind of a day that one finds only on the plains. Around the rolling plains stretched, measurcless, magnificent. The air was so clear one could see the wind, quivering like a fluttering rib-bon, along the bluffs many miles away. There were fields of tawny cornstalks and fields where winter wheat gleamed

"You know right well. Going to see them spiritualists to try like Syringy. I aim't going to law about that, though I will say that a man with as much sense as a settin len has got ought to know better. But now it's me that's your lawful wife, and I won't have you philandering after another woman, dead or alive."

her ghost around?"
"I promise."
"I promise."
"And "ou can let the live ones be, too. I don't hold that it helps a man's character to go to the places they call theayters, where shamless hussles play and sing and dance worse'n that wicked girl did before King Herod. When you have settled about the mortgage and got me a dress pattern, and attended to them other little things I told you of, you come straight home. This here's Monday. You could make it to get back to-morrow night, but I'll look for you Wednesday at the latest. You've got 110 over and above your ticket. You can tell me what you done with every quarter of it when you come back. There's no call for you to have your hair cut at the barber's. I can do it and save the price. And you don't need to buy peanuts. It's awful wasteful to chaw up a nuarter of a bushel of corn in the cents' worth of peanuts. You hear?"
"Oh, yes, I hear."

hear?"
"Oh, yes, I hear."
"And you'll let the women alone—
both kinds? Say 'So help me.'
"I will," panted Peter, "I will—so—
so help me."

out kinds? Say So help me."

"I will," panted Peter. "I will—so—
so help me."

It was Mrs. Pollock now who slighed

a sigh of satisfaction. Her grim mouth
relaxed at the corners. As near an approach to a smile as she ever permitted herself flitted over her stern countenance. She held him out the reins.

"Here, you may drive a bit," she said.
Peter meckly and joyfully grasped
the extended leathern lines. It was good
to feel his grip on the leather, good to
find the answering concession or resistance of the brutes ahead, good to be
able to curb or urge as the fancy of the
moment possessed him.

If Regina had the face of an Indian
she also had the hearing.

"Train's coming," she declared. I
heerd it. It's a long way off—a good
twelve mile it must be to that station
west, but I heerd it. You'd better push
them a bit. We don't want to miss two
trains in one day."

Peter pushed them. A grafitude for

trains in one day,"
Peter pushed them. A graditude for
the permission swept over him like a
vibrant joy. He loosened the reins.
He leaned forward. He shouted at the
animals.

alimals,
"Git up, Gyp! Git up, Nannie!"
The road was high, level, hard as iron. The farm horses sped over it at a fine rate, the clumsy wagon rocking at their heeis. In the distance, against the azure expanse, a faint trail of smoke became visible. Faster—and faster. Then they were rumbling up the street of the little, new, ugly Kansas town, and the express was sweeping down the glittering rails away to the west. Peter lumped down as they reached the platform.

"Don't trouble to get down, Regina. It ain't worth while."
"I never thought of doing so, Peter,"
"Look out the team don't scure."
Don't be afraid, Peter, when I got the lines."

"Well, good-by, Regina."
"Good-by, You'd better hustle for

your ticket. And don't forget what I told you."

Peter wasn't likely to forget. He found himself in a serious and unpleasant situation as the train bore him eastward. Ho had told Regina a lie about the necessity for going to Kansas City. There was no particular need to attend to the mortgage just then. He had made out that his presence in the chief city in Missouri on a certain day was important and imperative, He had cherished a sneaking determination to have another "spirit" interview with Syringa, to tell her—but that was Peter's secret. Anyhow, when he found himself in a position from which he could not recede, and in which his mendacity had placed him, he had been pledged to abstain from the one enthrailing enticement which was drawing him to a larger town than that of Bubble. Not that his wife's strictures upon the theatre annoyed him. The footlights held no fascination for a man tortured by self-acorn and hounded by remorse. To be shut out from the audacious charms of sirens was no deprivation, but to have spooks also denied to him was a sad blow.

He pulled at his stubby beard and stared out of the window as the train lew along. He was a man of his word, He had never broken his word. He would not do it now. But how, apart from Regina's few commissions, should he spend his time in the big place to which he was speeding? And then the needless expense of this wholly unnecessary journey!

He spent the night in a cheap lodging house opposite the depot. The next morning he went up into the town, executed Regina's commissions, and hung around the window wherein the clair voyan's sign was displayed until it was time to catch his train. He went straight back to Bubble, and alighted in the clear yellow light of a wonderful Januart sunset—the only passenger from the east.

"Caught your train on the Rock Island did you?" asked the ugent, shoul-

different!"

Again there was silence in the room.

"Do you understand all I said, Mrs.
Cleero? If you do, move your hand."

The fingers on the coverlet moved

atlessly.
"That's right. I'm thankful to you,
rs. Cicero. I must hurry and get

"That's right. I'm thankful to you, Mrs. Cicero. I must hurry and get through before the folks come. You'll tell her that, I know, and if she seems hurt about my—about me' gettin' married again, why just tell her she can't feel any worse about that than I do."

The hand on the bed opened and shat.

"Tell her I wanted some one to look

cantankerous, small as ground spice, and blitter as green goseberries."

The hand on the bed opened and clutched convulsively. Peter Pollock rose with a sigh of relief.

"You're awful good to take these messages for me, Mrs. Cicero. Tell her, too, that I'm goin' to sell a lot of hogs that I got in partnership with Dick Howard.

got in partnership with Dick Howard She-that pison tyy I married-don'

when the finest tumestone that ever was planted in the Bubble cemetery goes up over Syringy's grave. I'm going now,

wish I could do something in return There ain't much I can do. I'll go to your funeral in a carriage, Mrs. Cicero

Good-by, and my dear love

He met no one as he stole out, escaped

from the vicinity of the house, and started to walk home. He had to pass through town to reach his farm in the north. As he walked up the main street he noticed that the door of the furniture

has been here and made all arrange ments. He did pick out a real pretty casket, if I do say it—quite as fashion

he's come home rocky. They allus git full when they go there."

and my heart's best thanks to you.

"Tell her I wanted some one to look after the young calves, and the milk, and all the rest of it, I didn't think I was gettin' one that wouldn't let me call my soul my own, but that's just what happened to me-and served me right for an old fool. Tell her I caught a Tartar, Mrs. Cleero-a brown-skin-ned old maid that-did pou speak, Mrs. Cleero? No? I thought you said something. Well, I'm gettin' my punishment good and hard. Tell her an angel out of heaven couldn't live peaceable with the kind of a wife I got now, nagging, cantankerous, small as ground spice,

from the east.

from the east.

"Caught your train on the Rock Island, did you?" asked the agent, shouldering the mail bags. "Had a pleasant trip? That's good. Cheers one up to get away from home and see the sights in a while. News? No; none I've heard unless about Mrs. Cleero Morrison, She has shad a turn for the worse, and Eldridge has given her up. Says she can't live the night out. Your team ain't here, I see, Guess Mrs. Pollock wasn't looking for you go soon."

I see, Guess Mrs. Pollock wasn't looking for you so soon."

He gave the heavy sacks an extra
hunch on his shoulder, and walked off,
bending under their weight, up the
main street of the town. Trembling
and open-mouthed the presperous farmer stood looking after him. His face
was ashen with agitation. A queer expression, several expressions, indeed, of
hope, daring, doubt, quivered like sheet
lightning across his countenance.
Dying! Mrs. Morrison-commonly
called Mrs. Cleero to distinguish her
from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sam Morrison-was dying. Why not send by

rison—was dying. Why not send by her a message to Syringa? He had heard of such things being done. He felt confident the message would be de-livered. He felt jubilant that he had not delayed in Kansas City. Some merciful power must have impelled him to has-ten homeward before it would be too late to deliver to the living a message for the dead. And Reginn had not ex-pected him, or she would either have come herself or have sent the chore boy

which marked the state line and divided Nebraska from Kansas.

It was a glorious midwinter day—the kind of a day that one finds only on the plains. Around the rolling plains stretched, measureless, magnificent. The air was so clear one could see the wind, quivering like a fluttering ribbon, along the bluffs many miles away. There were fields of tawny cornectals and fields where winter wheat gleamed emerald green—a verdant prophecy. A pond, where the wild ducks came to float, was brimming and purple. And overhead was a sky of infinite beauty, blue and foam-fleeced as a sky of june. "What," demanded Mrs. Pollock so suddenly that Peter jumped, what did you sigh for?"

"Did I sigh?"

"Tou did. What's more, I often catch you assigning. And I don't like it. You used to be as jolly a man as there was in Thayer county. Now when you mir's a-sighing your'e groaning. You make me think of our old wind mill that keeps a-creaking and a-creaking. I've heard tell of that fool trick you done last time when you was down to Kansas City."

She turned in the seat and looked sternly down upon him. "I don't want none of that done now, Peter Pollock." "What fool trick?" demanded Peter, faintly.

"You know right well. Going to see them spiritualists to try see Syringy, I ain't going to jaw abou that, though I will say that a man with as much sense as a settin' hea has you query and the road that ran cast beside the tracks as a settin' hea has you query sensation of satisfaction—of mysterious and spiritual exalitation which the object of his pligrimage engendered.

About a mile efform town he turned north, and, crossing a little bridge.

About a mile from town he turned north, and, crossing a little bridge struck out along a road bordered with huddled brown trees—poor, naked things, shivering against a steel gray

cad or alive."

"Very well, Regina."

"You promise you won't go a-hunting ghost around."

"I promise."

"And "ou can let the live ones be, o. I don't hold that it helps a man's laracter to go to the places they call earlier to the places they call into the vehicle, and truste house, got into the vehicle. time to intercept the physician, who shortly after came out of the house, got into the vehicle, and, turning the team, draw away in an opposite direction from that in which Pollock approached. The light was growing dim when Peter reached the house. It was a somber old frame building, set back from the road in a bare and treeless yard. Cleero Morrison, in his shirt sleeves, and carrying a pail in each hand, was turning towards the rear of the house as Peter came to the door.

"I believe I'll go in a bit," said Peter, "If you don't mind," "Go on in."

Peter was about to knock when the door was opened and Mrs. Sam Morrison on in."

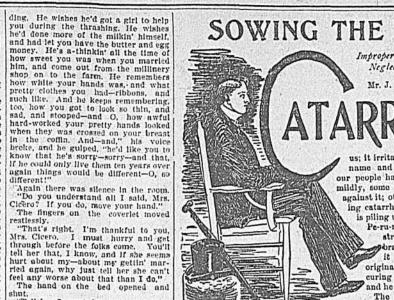
Peter was about to knock when the door was opened and Mrs. Sam Morrison appeared. She was a toothless woman, clad in a faded blue cotton above, with a bow of solided pink ribbon at her scrangs throat.

"I don't like to be presumin," Mrs. Sam, "said Peter, timidly, "but I've a reason for wanting to see her alone a few minutes if I might make so bold," "To be sure—why not?" said Mrs. Sam. "You naturally, would just coming back from a Journey and all that. She's in there to the right. The other folks are eating supper in the kitchen. I wouldn't talk loos, though, if I was you, She's pratty well tuckered out." "I won't," Peter assured her gratefulched to the clutched t

chitched in his nervous fingers, his heart beating hard. He turned the han-dle of the door indicated. From a room in the back of the house coreheart beating hard. He turned the handle of the door indicated. From a room in the back of the house came the rattle of crockery, the clatter of knives and forks, and the round of voices. The blinds wer down in the apartment Peter entered. A lamp, its feeble giare banished from the bed by a coat hung on the back of a rocker, stood on a table in a cenier of the room. The brief of the woman in the bed was burled in the pillows. A hand on the coverlet and tangle of dark hair were all Peter could see an he sat softly down braide the bed.

"Mrs. Ciccto," he began in un excited whisper, "you don't need to answer back. Just move your hand if you understand and mean 'yes." I know how weak you are. I won't stay but a minute. I felt I couldn't let you go without asking if you'd take a message where you're going—a message from ms to Syringy."

SOWING THE WIND.



Neglect of It Invites Trouble. Mr. J. W. ORPE'S EXPERIENCE. ways in our midst. It waylays our footus: It irritates us: then it changes its name and kills us. Four-fifths of our people have catarrh. Some have it some severely. Many struggle against it; others neglect it, but ignor-

ing catarrh or treating it improperly is piling up trouble. a attacks catarrh in its stronghold-the mucous membranes — and literally drives it out. Dr. Hartman, the originator of Pe-ru-na, has been curing catarrh for many years, and he does it with Pe-ru-na.

The universal experience with the use of Pe-ru-na is that expelling the catarrh builds on the system and benefits the general health. Mr. J. W. Orpe, Quanah, Texas, had chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. Pe-ru-na cured him completely. Here is his letter:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O. Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Dean Sir.—"I was afflicted with a case of chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. I had been partially deaf on the left side for twelve years. Six months ago I had to be propped up in bed at night and lie on my side for fear of choking. I did not think I could be cured. I began taking Per-un-however, and now believe myself to be thoroughly cured. My breathing is perfectly free and easy, and I cannot too highly recommend your remedies, Per-una and Man-a-lin. The catarrh does not, in the slightest degree, seem to affect up now." Pe-ru-na and Man to affect me now."

Catarrh must be attacked vigorously and intelligently or it can never be cured. To trent catarrh properly it must be understood.

Dr. Hartman's books on catarrhal diseases are mailed free on application to the Pe-ru-nd Medicine Co., Columbus, O. They remove the mystery that surrounds the subject of catarrh, and are written in a common-sense vein that all may understand. Special book for women, called "Health and Beauty," mailed to women only. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

tell you. Hi, there, you Jenny!"
Peter Pollock made his way home ow, he never precisely knew. membered afterward thinking that the some foundation for the suspicion of the drayman. All he could think of was the terrible quiet figure on the bed-all he could see was the hand that had moved, ot once but several times. There was o light in his house when he reached it. He reached the kitchen and lit a lamp. Evidently the chore boy had got, his wn supper, and afterward gone to bed. Pollock sat down in the cold, bare room, and leaned his head on his hands. A

he housed that the door of the furniture shop was open and that the drayman and Mr. McLelland, the undertaker, were lifting a pine box into a wagon. "Hallo," he said, "who's dead?" Mr. McLelland, hobbling around as house wasn't of much account without without a woman in it, and Regina was as clean and thorough and capable a housekeeper as there was in the whole state of Nebraska, if she had her faults.

"What's the matter with you, Pol-lock?" the drayman questioned. "Ain't you feelin' good?"

git full when they go to Kansas City, I here. I didnt' like to come back until count to manage, you know, and there wasn't anybody else to get the heft road was rough and he staggered sev-eral times, as if indeed there had been as she died this afternoon if it wasn't that one of my bad hendaches came on. I lay down awhile to see if I could rest it off. Mrs. Sam said she wouldn't let anyone in to bother me, but I said if you should get home from Kansas City to-night, and come after me, you'd be anxious, and she'd better let you in a spell."

She took the front ilds off the stove,

shook down the ashes and began pil-ing in cobs from a bushel basket. Peter sat motionless watching her. Her faced was gray and strained in the lamp light, and 2 strange look was deepening upon it—a look of mystifi-cation that was merging into one of alarm—of horror. This horror was

Mr. McLelland, hobbling around as briskly as his stiff ley would permit, three his shrewd, white-bearded old face over his shoulder.

"Mrs. Morison—Mrs. Cleero."

"Wh-at!" gasped Peter.

He fell back, staring wildly at the two men.

"Tes, she died this afternoon. Doc fame and make him a cup of coffee while added when he got there. She was dead when he got there she would fry lim a silect that would cause him to feel like giving a were that he was hungry. If Regina were there she would fry lim a silect of ham and make him a cup of coffee while, and despite his uncannative was hungry. If Regina were that he would cause him to feel like giving a whole dollar to the collection for the missionary society. Syrings was sweet sweet, but here never was a better cook. The hungrier Mr. Pollock marked the missionary society. Syrings was sweet start the grown has been done as has ever been brought to be door. Where was Hegina?

"He did not reply. The fearly freshed on an apron and ground the coffee, all the missionary society. Syrings was sweet was a better was a be



A TERRIFIC REPORT ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The passengers of the Brooklyn bridge were startled the other morning to hear a great report like the explosion of cannon. The sound came from directly underneath them. It was the parting of another cable of the Brooklyn bridge, Some day, they say, the bridge will fall, and then there will be the most awful catastrophe of history, when the "L" and surface cars all go tumbling into the East river below. The bridge commissioners say that the bridge is safe for a long

nd the purring of the cat behind the

"Regina," he faltered at length. "Well?" The voice was hard and his heart sank. But the coffee had put pluck into him. So he said resolutely,

'I'm dreadful sorry."
The second Mrs. Pollock wheeled around and stood leaning against the kitchen table, both hands gripping it

around and stood leaning against the kitchen table, both hands gripping it behind her back.

"So am I. Syringy was as sweet a little soul as ever drew breath. She was the only body that come and nursed me when I had diphtheria and there wasn't another person who would come nigh me. I seen how you misused her and I was gorry for her-like other folks was. I married you when you asked me because I wanted a home of my own, and I alius thought I'd like to have 'Mrs.' cut on my gravestone. It looks more respectful and as if some man had wanted you. But I hadn't got the sorrow for that poor little thing out of my head, and not having any particular love for you I made up my mind I'd see who was tyrant this time. I was. I don't think I was as bad as you made me out this afternoon, but a body can't see theirself, so maybe I was. And if I was I'm sorry for it. If you'll call it quits and begin again I'll be as good a wife to you as I know how to be, Peter Pollock."

He rose, touched, changed, entreating. In his hard old eyes was "something that felt like tears."

"Oh, I will, Regina, I will! You call it quits, too, and I will!"

So it is safe to infer that the message sent to Syringa was never delivered in the celestial world.

sage sent to Syringa was never de-livered in the celestial world.

ALL ABOUT RIPLEY.

A Correspondent Gives the Jackson County Scat a Send-Off-How to Get There-Two Big Families-A Novel

Case in Court. SIR:-The county seat of Jackson county is an interesting point. The town of Ripley is not unlike a great many other towns in West Virginia, but there are very few towns of, say, 600 inhabitants where more business is done or where a more energetic lot of busi

ness men are found. miles from the Ohio river, and the citi-zens communicate with the outside world principally by means of the Rip ley and Mill Creek Valley railway. This is a branch of the Ohio River railroad and they run three trains a day each way, made up of passengers, express mail, ties and almost everything else

mail, ties and almost everything eise you can think of.

The distance is twelve miles and for fity-five cents they take passengers the entire distance in about an hour, unless the train tumbles over an embankment, which it does at not infrequent intervals. However, the only inconvenience resulting is the delay in travel. No one resulting is the delay in travel. No on is ever hurt. In fact they tell me that not long ago the coach rolled down a bank, turning over twice and a woman holding a babe in her arms crawled out of the wreck with the infant still sleep-

of the wreck with the Infant still sleeplng peacefully.

Ripley was originally owned by Willlam Parsons, and his descendants are
legion. In fact they say if you took the
Parsons family and the Castos out of
the county, there wouldn't be enough
people left to summen a jury. There
are 350 voters named Casto in the county. If you go out back and met a stranger say, "How do you do, Mr. Casto?"
If he hesitates just say, "Beg pardon,
Mr. Parsons, I mean." you are pretly
sure to be right that time.

The town was laid out by Jacob
Starcher, who also donated the public
square for a court house when it became the county seat in 1823. The
town takes its name from Harry Ripley,
a young man who met a watery grave
in Mill creek while going to claim his
bride, having his marriage license in his
pocket.

Wileley is the centre of a big business.

in all crees while going to can his borde, having his marriage license in his pocket.

Hipley is the centre of a big business. Her three mercantile houses the Carson Store company. D. J. Morrison and Starcher Bros. are up-to-date, use printer's ink liberally and draw trade for forty miles around.

I met Sheriff Shinn. The sheriff won quite a bit of notorlety as the executioner of John Morgan last December a year ago, for the brutal murder of the Pfost family. His expense was but \$500, the lightest, it is claimed, ever made for such service. Mr. Shinn is one of the best posted men in the county. He says the financial affairs were never better, the people of the county are generally prosperous and not a few farmers have money to loan. He says money is very plentiful. He knows of several call loans made at 2 per cent, and time loans are frequent at 6 per cent. He says 3,000,000 staves and fully a quarter of a million tels will be marketed at Ripley this senson.

Circuit court was in session, with ey this senson. Circuit court was in session, with

Judge Reese Blizzard on the bench.
Judge Blizzard is very popular in Jackson county, and it is the general sentiment of the people that he deserves something good at the hands of the Rebotherming goes in the saids of the republican party, and he will no doubt get
it. The case on trial was a peculiar one.
A woman named Golden married "Hod".
Bosworth in 1887. He left her wifth an
infant child to support. For several
years he was not heard from and she
supposed he was dead. Finally she,
married Ed. Reynolds. After three
months of married life he also left her,
and now she has another babe to support. Then Besworth reappeared. He
and Reynolds and a woman who disliked her conspired to have her sent to
the penitentiary for bigamy, thus trying to separate the mother from her
children.

Prosecutor Seaman was siek and could

children.

Prosecutor Seaman was sick and could not handle the case, but his assistant.

J. M. Baker, is one of the youngest, as well as one of the most promising members of the ber. He handled the case well, assisted by E. L. Stane, who, it is said, will be a candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney at the next election.

fice of prosecuting attorney at the next election.

Ex-Prosecuting Attorney Morris, of Welzel county, who now lieves on a farm in Jackson county, volunteered to defend the woman without charge, as did also ex-Circuit Judge V. S. Armstrong and O. A. Parsons. The latter is the youngest member at the bar and his argument to the jury caused a great deal of comment. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Another case which attracts a great deal of attention is that brought by the heirs of the late Henry J. Flesher. Mr. Flesher at one time owned a vast deal of roperty in this county, a large tract in what is now the town of Ripley included. Now his heirs chaim that because of the setting aside of a will several years ago and a series of other complications, they own a fourth interest in a whole block in Ripley. Attorneys have been employed and a pretty legal fight is very likely to occur.

The newspaper fraternity at Ripley

pretty legal fight is very fixery of eur.

The newspaper fraternity at Ripley is composed of a pleasant trio. H. W. Deem, of the Herald, has long had the reputation of publishing one of the best gapers in the state, and few men have done more for the Republican party; Messrs. Woodwell and Prickett, of the Mountaineer, issue a radical Democratic organ.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Cares sor throat, hoarseness and coughs. It is the specific for throat and chest affect

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Cath Testine.

Confidence

Women confide their troubles to Mrs. Pink. ham and rely upon her advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's counsel is safe counsel. Woman's life is a constant crisis. From girlhood to womanhood, then to motherhood and so on to the perils of the "change of life," The history of every step is on Mrs. Pinkham's records thousands of times and her vast experience and confidential advice is at the free disposal of every woman who writes to her for aid. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

"Vour Medicine is a Godsond" Virites Mrs. Philips.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you last June, I was almost a total wreck from female weakness. I was troubled with irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, soreness, and swelling of abdomen; pain at right and left of womb; headache, backache, nervousness, and

could neither eat nor sleep well. "Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I do not feel like the same person. I am so glad that I wrote to you, for you have helped me very much. My nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before in my life, and my backache and all those terrible pains are gone. Before taking your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. My friends say I look better than they ever saw me, and I know that I feel better than I have for a good many years. I think your medicine is a godsend to poor, weak women."- Mrs. Carrie Phillips, Anna, Illinois.

Mrs. Barnard Gured by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR FRIEND-I feel it my duty to express my gratitude and thanks to you for what your medicine has done for me. I was very miserable and losing flesh very fast, had bladder trouble, fluttering pains about the heart and would get so dizzy and suffered with painful menstruation. I was reading in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I wrote to you, and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person. Your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me and I cannot praise it enough." -Mrs. J. O. Barnard. Milltown, Washington Co., Me.

The women of America have in Mrs. Pinkham a confidential friend whose advice is al-

ways at their disposal, free of charge. The knowledge that women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in her correspondence with women about health, makes it possible for the full details to be given, without hesitation.

Mrs. Gobb Cured of a Great Affliction.

"I think it is my duty to write you what your wonderfal medicine has done for me. I suffered with itching of the external parts for six years, and was in misery day and night. I lost flesh and became weak. I tried everything I could think of. My husband wanted me to see a doctor, but I could not consent to that. He then wanted me try your medicine, and this I agreed to do. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am to-day a changed woman. I am free from my misery, and can go to bed and sleep like a baby. I can work with comfort, and it does not tire me as it did to walk. Your remedies have done wonders for me, and cannot be praised enough. I would not be without them. They cured me of a great affliction, and why should they not cure others? I would advise every suffering woman to give them a trial."-IIrs. J. S. E. Cobb. Bridgeton Center, Me.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

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